THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves may fall
And flowers may die and pass away;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! The choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Where loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a desert waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers
Transplanted into Paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of birdlike melody
That we have missed and mourned so long,
Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.

There is no death! Although we grieve
When, beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms—

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are "dead."

They are not dead! They have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here,
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away—
The yare not "lost" nor "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And sometimes when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm,
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm,

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is Life—there are no dead!

The Prairie Dog in Kansas.

PRAIRIE dogs hold more than a llon acres of what would otherwise be good pasture land in Kansas.

The pest is in 67 counties and is increasing at an alarming rate. Every attempt to exterminate them has failed.

Governor Stanley appointed this year an agent to gather statistics on the prairie dog occupany and the damage done by the little burrower throughout the state. This agent has recently made his report. He finds the prairie dog holding 1,224,854 acres. They are most numerous in Logan county,where their villages cover 236,640 acres; they are next numerous in Finney county, where they have 212,160 acres, and next in Gove county, where they occupy 211,960 acres.

In the extreme western part of the state nearly all the pasture land is held by prairie dogs. The general estimate of damage to the land is 50 per cent. One big ranch owner says his cattle will not pasture among the prairie dog houses. A ranchman in Logan county says he is now pasturing 500 cattle where 1,000 were feeding before the prairie dogs took possession.

The prairie dog is preyed upon by many foes, but it is exceedingly prolific in spite of them all, multiplying rapidly and extending its excavations to great distances. Indeed, when once the prairie dogs settle themselves in a convenient spot, their increase seems to have no bounds. There are many places on the plains where the little haps of earth before the prairie dog's burrow extend as far as the eye can reach.

A prairie dog is a cheery little fellow with a watchful eye for his foes. He spends much of a bright day perched on the top of his dirt heap, and at the first alarm he shoots into the burrow with a sharp, doglike yelp. He is very curious, and a keen observer may see, just over the little hillocks, hundreds of sharp little eyes watching his progress through the prairie dog town. They are very tenacious of life, and it is only possible to secure one by shootin ghim through the head.

The burrows are as cosy as any home could be. A single burrow has been known to take five barrels of water. The burrow is dug in a sloping direction, at an angle of about 45 degrees. After descending five or six feet they take a turn upwards. Here, where the rain water may not dampen the nest, is the main dwelling. Oftentimes the burrows are so close there are long continuous passages, and in such places the underground chambers fairly honeycomb the ground.

The owl and rattlesnake make it impossible for the prairie dog to have a home exclusively to his own use. The owl is of the species Coquimbo (burrowing) owl, and the rattlesnake is the drea drattler of the prairies. Years ago it was supposed that the prairie dog made no protest against admitting the owls and rattlers to his home, and it was customary to point this out as the strangest ofall happy families. But the naturalist has proven that this is a mistake, and that the prairie dog protests vigorously when the owl and rattler enter, and oftentimes forfeits his life in defense of the privacy of his home. It is thought that the owl does not prey upon the puppies in the home, but it is known that the rattler does so. So that he is not only an intruder, but a dread foe as well.

Petrified Forests of Arizona.

THE petrified forests of Arizona still hold a high place among the most interesting natural phenomena of this continent.

Giant trees lie here imbedded in the earth, their wood transformed into a stone of flinty hardness, but still revealing the texture in a remarkable degree.

A bill will be introduced in congress this month providing for the maintenance of a government reservation of the most celebrated of these petrified forests, that at Holbrook. Prof. Lester F. Ward of the National Museum, recommended in his last report to the director of the geological survey that prompt measures be taken to withdraw the land from entry.

The forest has recently been brought within easy access for tourists by the establishment of a new railroad station named Adamana, whence it can be reached by a drive of six miles, although its most remarkable parts lie several miles farther southward.

At the first deposit, so-called, several sections of land are strewn with fallen and broken trunks washed out by erosion from the fine, grayish, sandy material in which they are embedded. Here is the noted Chalcedony Bridge. One of the finest logs, nearly four feet in diameter, spans the deep gully, its end resting on the banks and still partly covered up. Much of the wood in this part of the forest is broken up and scattered over the ground in small fragments.

The second deposit, four miles to the southeast,covers several hundred acres and consists of large logs, many of them three and four feet in diameter, and the greater number broken into cylindrical sections, five or six feet long, on which the bark, although petrified and having the hardness of stone appears as natural as if the tree had been felled but a short time before.

The third deposit, the largest of all, contains thousands upon thousands of fossilized logs. Some of them are entire trees, with limbs and branches still intact. All the logs, both great and small, and even the fragments, are of great beauty and variety of color. These tracts contain the iargest deposits, but vestiges of the petrified forests are found over a wide extent of country.

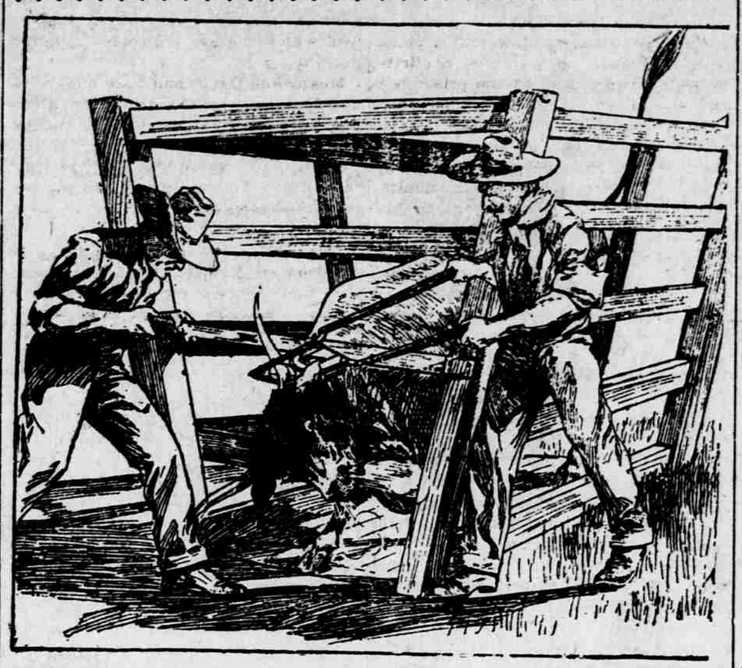
The forest is regarded as belonging to the triassic age, and is therefore more ancient than the petrified forests of California and the Yellowstone Park, which are largely tertiary.

Nowhere are the fossil trunks in their place of growth. The original beds must have been a great deal higher in the strata which were eroded by the sandstone into which the trunks were carried and which was probably covered up by mesozoic seas.

New York has what is known as a "funeral stenographer," in the person of a young woman skilled in the art of shorthand writing. She attends the obsequies of prominence and wealth and jots down in her notebook all the complimentary things the preacher says about the deceased. If mourning relatives desire she transcribes these notes and either arranges them in a book form or engrosses them upon a parchment, for which she receives adequate and sometimes exceedingly liberal compensation. Of course the prayers are all about alike and do not require preservation, but in his sermon the preacher is apt to say some pretty fine things, and it is the desire of many up-to-date families to keep a record of them. In no way other than by the employment of a stenographer can this record be secured, for, as a rule, funeral sermons are extemporaneous speeches. The average minister has not the time to write them out beforehand and commit them to memory, and as it is bad form to read an obituary discourse, obviously there is nothing for it but to call in the stenographer. Hence the novel occupation of this young woman and the financial success that has attended it.

Chicago Tribune: "I wonder why," said the pale, intellectual young man, "Cupid is always so much more active during the winter months." "He has to do something to keep from freezing," said the matter-of-fact young man

Dehorning Cattle in the West.



THIS is the time of year when experts upon the big cattle ranches of the west do wonders in dehorning.

The long horn has been cast aside. The cattle fare better with short horns, do not injure each other and may be herded, corraled and shipped closer together than they could be did they wear the great spreading horns with which the popular mind associates the Texas steer.

Out on the big ranches they are now rounding the cattle in for dehorning. The dehorner is as much an expert in his line as the rope thrower is in his. The cattle are corraled and at the exit, where but one steer may pass at a time, is a small pen, called the stock. At the closed end is an opening between bars sufficiently large to lead the steer to thrust his head through. Three men stand waiting for him. One of them throws down a wooden bar which clamps the animal in a vise-like grip and holds his head where he has thrust it. The dehorners stand upon the right and left. They carry long-handled steel clippers, and when the steer is caught in the stock they throw these over the horns and snip them off in a jiffy. The bar is raised and the steer is released to make room for another. In a day a skilled dehorner can clip a thousand horns.

Before the clippers came into use the ranchmen used saws. The dehorning saw is still sold extensively. It does not lop the horn off as quick as the clipper, but it is a much cheaper tool, costing but $1.50, where a clipper costs $8.

At the more northern ranches the dehorner takes precautions against the dehorned cattle taking cold. When thhe horn is clipped a gouge is used to hollow out the stub of the horn. Tar is thrust into this, seating it and protecting the animal against cold. The dehorner ordinarily goes around with his outfit like a thresher goes from farm to farm threshing wheat. A dehorning outfit consists of the stock, which is not too large to be carried in a wagon, a clipper or saw, a gouge and a quantity of tar .

Are Raising Macaroni Wheat.

MACARONI wheat, as good as that of Italy, has been grown in the Dakotas, Kansas and Nebraska.

So successful have been government tests that American manufacturers are offering No. 2 northern prices for wild goose macaroni wheat, which was formerly invariably rejected.

It has been the theory of the millers that these wheats contain gluten in too large quantities for making good bread. It is also difficult to mill, because of the hard grain, and its flour has been found gritty and too coarse to compete with that of other wheats.

Mark Alfred Carleton, government cerealist, says the idea that macaroni wheats to not make good bread is erroneous, and points out that the French, the greatest bread-eating people in the world, use it in large quantities for that purpose. A small per cent of softer wheat is usually mixed with the macaroni grain.

Macaroni wheats differ radically from the ordinary bread wheats and in the field look more like barley than wheat.

The heads are flat, compressed and bearded, the beard often being black; the chaff is usually golden yellow, but sometimes black, and the grains are large, hard, yellowish white and clear, or in wheats of the best quality, sometimes translucent.

The quantity and quality of the gluten has been demonstrated to be finely adapted to macaroni manufacture.

The wheats are extremely resistant to drouth and resist the attacks of leaf rust and smuts to an unusual degree. They must be grown in dry districts in order to produce the best quality of grain. The minimum rainfall must be about ten inches—the drier the better, provided the rain falls at the proper time and the soil is of the right kind.

The thorough establishment of this industry will do much for the semi-arid plains. A million or more of acres can thus be given to profitable wheat raising which, on account of drouth, have heretofore been entirely idle or less profitably employed.

The farmers of the west and northwest are awakening to the importance of this industry and carload lots of macaroni wheat are in demand for seed next year.

The official tests showed a yield of one-third to one-half more per acre than any other wheats grown side by side with them, and in 1900, when other wheats were almost a complete failure in the Dakotas, the macaroni varieties produced a good yield of grain of excellent quality.

A few factories have shown that from these wheats they can make macaroni equal to the foreign article.

The section best suited for raising macaroni wheats,according to the government map, begins west of the ninety-fifth meridian and includes North and South Dakota, Nebraska, except the extreme eastern part; Eastern Colorado, Western and Central Kansaas, Western Oklahoma, extreme eastern New Mexico and Central and Western Texas.

Outside of this strip, extending from the Canadian lnie to the Rio Grande, the wheat may be profitably grown, but of poorer quality, in Washington and California. There are also small sections in most every Pacific and mountain state that yield macaroni wheat. The success of the macaroni crops ,and the result of tests by macaroni manufacturers, during the last two years has resulted in a demand for the wheat far in excess of the supply.

The United States imports over 16,000,000 pounds of macaroni annually, at an expense of $800,000.

The Smallest Deer on Record.

BONES of a tiny deer, five and one-half inches high at the shoulder, and small enough to be stowed away in a coat pocket,have been found in a ploughed field in Renssalaer county, near Troy, N .Y.

A fore leg and foot of the skeleton remain intact. From these it is possible to determine the exact proportions of the remarkable creature and to know, beyond question, that the skeleton is that of a deer.

The bones prove that the deer had matured, but whether it belonged to a diminutive species, or was a dwarf, is not known.

The epiphyses, or ends of the bones, are firmly united to the shaft by osseous tissue, showing that the leg belonged to an adult deer.

This tiny deer doubtless lived in that middle age of animal life when even the horse was represented in a species of little creatures with five toes. It was an age in which the animal kingdom ran to extremes. The great Irish deer, which was probably contemporaneous with the little deer of New York, was even larger than the largest deer of this day. On the other hand, there were the little horses and the diminutive creatures of many other species, one of which is probably represented by the extraordinary deer whose remains have been found in New York.

Moki Indians and Christmas.

The United States Bureau of Technology has been making a special study of Christmas in America and one surprising fact ascertained is that many of the aboriginal tribes on this continent, long before Columbus landed, were accustomed to celebrate festivals corresponding to that of Yuletide. Indeed, they pursue the practice even to the present day, and among the Moki Indians of Arizona, for example, there is much merry mumming at or about December 25, with exchange of gifts and masquerading by persons who are got up in picturesque costume to represent supernatural beings.

The St. Nicholas of the Moki, however, is the Sun God, and their Christian festival is to celebrate his commencing return northward from the land of shadows that is supposed to be located in the far south. On the top of the highest building in the town the priest of the sun stands and looks away 100 miles to the southwest, where the great San Francisco mountain uplifts its rocky mass out of the desert. One end of the mountain is prolonged to the Eldon Mesa and by a series of foothills and between the end of the mesa and the second series of hills there is a peculiar notch. In this notch is supposed to be the sun house—the place where the sun god has his home.

When the solar orb sinks at nightfall into that notch, it has reached its most distant point on the horizon, and on the 2st day of December. Formal notice of the fact is given by the sun priest ,and announcement is made of a general rejoicing. Various divinities, dressed in strange costumes, will appear in the town, and the occasion will be signalized by a mystery play, symbolizing the struggle of the sun god against the powerful devils which try to keep him back and prevent him from returnnig to the north.

The sun god has a number of dangerous enemies—hostile deities, among whom the most powerful is the great plumed snake. This serpent divinity is of ancient Aztec origin, and was worshiped al lover Mexico and Central America in prehistoric times. He was very troublesome in those days, it appears, and on one occasion brought about a deluge which flooded the valley ni which the ancestors of the Moki dwelt. At length he was appeased by the sacrifice of the son and daughter of the chief of the town; but afterwards he afflicted the people in other ways, so that they were obliged to migrate northward to Arizona. And even yet they are compelled to perform elaborate annual rites to appease him.

The great plumed snake figures importantly in the Christmas mystery play, with a huge gourd for a head, a red leather tongue and other incidentals to render him more effective, the whole apparatus being worked by a concealed man, who causes the head to wag and the mouth to roar. Eventually, however, the serpent divinity is appeased with prayers,and offerings of sacred meal, and the performance will wind up with a combat between the sun god (represented by a man with a round shield painted to look like the sun) and a number of devils in suitable costumes, who try to push Santa Claus back and hinder him from starting northward toward the land of the Moki. Eventually, of course, he wins the fight.

He who would be great in the day of trial must be great in that of trifles.

Was With General Jackson.

The death of Captain "Bill" Kendrick, at his home in Jacksonville,Fla., marks the passing of the last commissioned officer of the Seminole war and one of the most historic and picturesque characters in all the country. He died in the 78th year of his age, and his last hours, in a semi-conscious condition of mind, were spent in an incessant review of the Indian fighting and the subsequent adventures that crowded his long life. He was not only famous as an Indian fighter, but as a lecturer, politician and land owner. Not a town in the south has not heard of Captain "Bill" Kendrick. In the picturesque old homestead, half hidden by the vines and shrubbery that grows with tropical luxuriance about the cottage, which is in what is known as the oldest portion of Laville, the venerable Florida setiler had been passing the last hours of his life. He had been seriously ill for only a few days, but the end was not unexpected, as he had become very feeble and weak from old age.

The history of Captain Kendrick's life starts almost with the history of Florida. It was a jocular saying that he was one of those who came over with De Soto. Captain Kendrick was of English, not Spanish, stock, however. It is stated that he was a grandnephew of John Kendrick, the famous navigator ,who was one of the first American seamen to undertake useful voyages of discovery.

Captain Kendrick was one of the original Florida "boomers." He was with Major Marks,together with whom he traveled and lectured to audiences in the north. His entertaining sketches of Florida's climate and other advantages, including the famous alligator tales, called forth much comment and early drew attention to the Land of Flowers.

Captain Kendrick's early history is of interest. His services as soldier in the Indian war has formed the subject of reminiscences which many will regret have not been preserved in print. His title of "captain" was gained in the Seminole war, he having had command of a company. Captain Kendrick could give thrilling accounts of these stirring times. One of the stories that he used to relate was of the capture of Osceola, he having been one of the party with Captain Miller to suround the fallen chief.

In the Indian war he served under General Jackson. The incident where Lieutenant Hartsuff had been sent out with a relief party to the Everglades, was caught in the woods by the Indians and all of the party massacred except the lieutenant, who swam into a creek and stayed there all night with the alligators, was one of the favorite stories that Captain Kendrick used to relate.

The Indian war, however, did not end Captain Kendrick's career as a soldier. When the war between the states broke out he promptly enlisted and did some splendid service in the confederate ranks.

Mr. Pepke is entitled to credit for putting up a good fight for his sparks.

Missouri People Eat Dirt.

Newest and most singular of St. Louis sects are the dirt eaters, a community of 75 men and women whose Moses is William Windsor.

The dirt eaters take every day a spoonful of dirt. Their leader believes that grit is necessary to every animal, and that because mankind will have no dirt in his food he is subject to many stomach troubles that no other animal has.

So the dirt eater goes every day to his little sack of soil. He plunges a teaspoon in and brings it forth heaped wth good old earth. He washes it down with a glass of water, smacking his lips and blinking his eyes as tho' no morsel e'er tickled the palate of man so deliciously as dirt.

Dirt eating is easy—when one is a child or an experienced dirt eater. At all other times it is hard, and must be learned. It is not easy to forget that it is dirt. It is not reassuring to thnik that the particles of dirt in the stomach might cause a thousand diseases now unknown because the dirv been kept out of the stomach for hundreds and hundreds of years. But after awhile the dirt eater develops his dirt appetite. He comes to relish his dirt as a girl loves her fudge. He carries a sack of it with him, and whenever he is seized by a feeling that he is getting away from the animal plan upon which he was created he steps into a corner and regales himself with a loam lunch.

The dirt eater is particular, however, what sort of dirt he eats. He would be no true epicurean if he were not. This article of his singular diet is technically a sand. It comes from the river bottoms, and is made up of many little particles of granite, marble, quartz and flint well ground and also well rounded with age. The chief dirt eater has the sand collected and sterilised, and he distributes it among his followers at 25 cents a sack. The sack is small, but it holds a good deal of sand. So that daily dirt eating after the St. Louis fashion costs about 10 cents a week.

Dirt eating in St. Louis is about six months old and flourishes like a green bay tree. The chief dirt eater looks happy and prosperous. The lesser dirt eaters have every day a keen hunger for their dirt, and they bring in their friends.

The dirt eaters have pretentious quarters. They are up at Eighteenth and Olive streets, in what was until recently the home of the Merchants' League club. Here the chief apostle of dirt eating, Mr. Winslow, has offices and a lecture hall. He receives visitors during the day, and every night he lectures to his class. He has now 75 men and women who attend his lectures and eat his dirt.

This is an amusing sect, and it amuses no one more than its founder. Kris Kringle himself is not more rotund nor more of a rollicking character than Dirt Eater Windsor. He is 50. He is bald. He has the Senator Billy Mason build. He can sit in a chair and sweedle his thumbs on him stomach, which they say is the piece de resistance in happiness.

"Are you the chief dirt eater?"

"Yes, sir; I'm the chap. I've eaten my peck a hundred times over. Dirt is good."

Then he laughs as fat men can, and brings out a sack of the sacred soil.

"Have a dirt sandwich with me?"

"No, thanks!"

"What are you afraid of—sandbar in the stomach?"

Then he takes a heaping spoonful and swallows it with that sly wink with which a Kentucky colonel takes his whisky. He sends a glass of water to chase it, and heaves a huge sigh of content.

Holds up trains—the railroad bridge.